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# The BROKEN UNIT





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# THE BROKEN UNIT

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*By*  
J. A. BRUBAKER

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DEDICATED  
*to*  
Those whose life stories are  
still in the making

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By  
J. A. BRUBAKER  
Kansas City, Missouri.

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## FOREWORD

**I**N PRESENTING this little volume to the public, it should be remembered that these stories were written, one each week, during business hours, by a busy man, who, for lack of space, must, by simple wording, suggest his thoughts.

Also that the first sketch was written when our own Kansas City boys were leaving for the front, and that the one hundredth sketch was written at the time they were coming home.

We also wish to state that at the time they were written, we had no thought of this publication. However, as time went on and we began receiving comments, assuring us of appreciation, and that we were reaching many people through our homely illustrated stories, who otherwise could not be reached, at the conclusion of the one hundredth sketch, we asked our readers for an expression, and having received several hundred requests for copies of the publication, we could not do other than compile these stories. In addition to the "Broken Unit"



## THE BROKEN UNIT

sketches, and as a result of a recent trip to Colorado, we also include in this volume "The Whispering Romance of the Hills." It may be interesting to know that practically all these stories were written on Friday, and were as much a message to the author as his readers. It is especially interesting that he should be led back to the hills, within a few miles of the scene of the first sketch, and there conceive the concluding story, which in a sense reviews, and should also prompt many to review their own life stories. May our readers catch a new vision of life, and may they also in some fashion see, as the cover design also indicates "beauty in the rough."



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIRST SKETCH.

On the dump of the "Quo Vadis" mine, I picked up a piece of ore, one side of which was rich in free gold. "We find his mate; the chunk was broken by the blast; where there is one, there is always another," are words of the Swede foreman I shall never forget. Presently he found "his mate," equal in richness, and when placed together formed a perfect unit, but without the separation no gold was visible. The break was necessary to see and to get the gold, which by a white heat is again united. \* \* \* Nations and peoples are separated by war and other causes. Those who are lonely, heart-sick and discouraged, remember, "Where there is one, there is always another," that through separation, struggle and sorrow the hidden richness of each becomes visible. When we sacrifice for the good of others it is not lost, but some day, somewhere the good will again be united.

May 25, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SECOND SKETCH.

Not all breaks are necessary to the distribution of richness, but here is another: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." The Master, to prepare his followers for the break and separation, uses many kind expressions. Study the story and note how carefully the bond which held them as one is guarded. The unit must be broken, but the contact must not be severed. To tune the mind and heart in harmony with His—thereby providing means of communication to cheer them during separation—also others in all future time—was a task none other than the Master could have accomplished. It is the telepathy provided in advance for those who are in perfect harmony with Him. I have traveled over land and sea and like Lord Tennyson, "I find no place that does not breathe some gracious memory of my friend."

June 1, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRD SKETCH.

On an observation car at Ward, Colo., in company with friends, I was sitting by an old schoolmate and we were talking over our childhood days when attention was called to a lady sitting alone, facing us, in the front end of the coach. Contentment, sympathy and kindness were beaming from her brown eyes, her face lighting up occasionally as though thinking of her children. Then with eyes turned heavenward we caught a glimpse of some rare unconscious expressions, reflecting her richness of thought to others. Surely she must be one of those quiet stars we seldom see or know, a part of a unit, only temporarily separated. At least the bond which held them as one or the contact had not been severed. Who was she? We did not know—but remember the words of the Swede, "Where there is one, there is always another," we find her mate.

June 8, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FOURTH SKETCH.

Mining, like going with the girls, encouragement is necessary to keep a man digging. A year later I was still intensely interested—in the mine. “You be like Muller, the store man,” the Swede remarked. The store referred to is located half a mile back in the hills from the railroad, where I found Mr. Muller, a man of my build and disposition, rich in natural resources, and while his store was located amid beautiful scenery, I could not understand why a man of his ability should be in such an out-of-the-way place. He was not considered religious, yet a man of high ideals. His sincerity, honesty of purpose and satisfying contentment added a romantic interest. In many ways we were similar, but from whence came his contentment I could not understand. Yes, we were alike—except he had brown eyes, was quite handsome and one everybody liked. “We find his mate.”

June 15, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTH SKETCH.

“Birds of a feather flock together.” We are now winding through the gorgeous canyon, fascinated by the clear romping waters of the mountain stream, for a distance of eight miles to Boulder, where Mr. Muller maintained his residence and I a room. As we approached the station, his face suddenly lighted up. “Oh, there is my wife!” he said. “I want you to meet her.” As we were introduced she said in a most charming manner, “My husband has often spoken of you. We want you to take Sunday dinner with us.” In meditation, I retired to my room. Their kindness confirming my first impressions, also reflecting harmony of the hills by the store where they resided pending school age of their children. Mrs. Muller reminded me of one I had either seen or known, but where, I could not recall. Now enriched by anticipations, I found myself studying the source of all goodness, preparatory to the Sunday School.

June 22, 1917

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTH SKETCH.

From Sunday School, I went direct to the Muller residence, and after a most hearty welcome and a romp with the children we were at dinner. My stories, tone of voice and awkward gestures commanded attention. Then with a searching "You-get-me?" look, I caught a glimpse of a year ago scene. At that same moment, Mrs. Muller addressed me, saying: "I have seen you some place; where was it?" "It was a year ago on the observation car at Ward." "Were you sitting by a lady with blue eyes and red hair?" "I was." We were convinced, but could not recall seeing each other after our train left Ward, nor were we conscious of being studied. Now, this recognition, and she a mate to Mr. Muller, to whom I was already attached, was a remarkable coincidence; each adding romance to our friendship and a richness to my stored-away-to-keep memories of this beautiful unbroken unit.

June 29, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTH SKETCH.

“What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.” Some people, like the Master, are so rich in kindness, sympathy and appreciation and so penetrating in effect, we always remember them. Others are more selfish in designs and greivous in effect—murmurings often reminding us, “The poor always ye have with you, but me ye have not always.” True, separation was necessary for the good of others, yet we rejoice because the bond has not been broken, nor has the contact been severed. “Were it not so I would have told you.” But if we did not distribute the effect of this richness to others this would indeed be a selfish, stingy world. For this purpose we are now with the masses, and, as usual, when among strangers, we hide our real self back of our foolishness. Whether man can always so hide we know not, but the distribution of richness or study of others requires hiding of self.

July 6, 1917.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTH SKETCH.

During my stay at the mine, I took many meals at a Boulder restaurant, operated by a man and wife. One morning the man being absent, I asked: "Where is your other man?" (meaning her husband). "He is at Cripple Creek," she said, and before I could explain or head her off, she was telling of his drinking, his abuse, their divorce and her remarriage. Her tragic story was quite interesting, but I could not refrain disclosing my meaning. "You mean thing," she said. "I thought you heard; was why I told—." However, a sympathetic look and a deep appreciation for life stories, also a request for anything else she might want to tell, set her at ease. That evening I recited to them, Mr. and Mrs. Varnum, our experience. We men soon discovered playing together when boys, that his brother married my cousin, that she had nothing more to tell, and that this information was obtained by a foolish question.

July 13, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINTH SKETCH.

I found Mr. and Mrs. Varnum very congenial. Her first husband, however, to use a mining term, was like a chunk of country rock clinging to the ore and bore no richness. It is my guess they never were mates. At least from her story, he went to the bad, and the separation was justifiable. \* \* \* The question is, can broken units render service without a separation? I would say, yes, at times. I found one in my automobile, where the pieces were held intact by clasps and bolts. It rendered a kind of service, but not without friction, and not until the unit was rewelded did I enjoy efficient service. Now, go and have your old machine fixed. Of course, should one of the pieces have gone to the bad, then replace it with a new one or a piece equal in strength and richness. Otherwise the machine would not render an effective service.

July 20, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TENTH SKETCH.

I am now at Amarillo, Texas, and after making some freight traffic arrangements I spent the day loafing around town, the station and grounds. Although alone I was not lonely, because of the smiling children who had both captured and commanded my attention. While thus entertained by the pure minded and among strangers, I was attracted by a man whose manner and expression indicated a deep sorrow. I noticed he was also studying me. Presently he approached, saying: "Please pardon me, but you look like a man I could talk to." "Yes," I replied, "I not only look, but am easy. Tell me your troubles." So I had his story. "What is that to thee, follow thou me." Some people so brood over their imaginary troubles they have forgotten who and whose they are. In this instance, the man was cheered by mere suggestions. All honor to the One who quietly directs our thoughts.

July 27, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### ELEVENTH SKETCH.

Yes, I told the Texan about the farmer, who, after being criticised for overworking his horses, said: "My harness will fit any horse." I also told him two things a man should never run for—one is a street car. What this man needed was to readjust himself to meet the conditions, but he could not do so alone. He must have a little outside encouragement to see, think and do things in the easiest possible way. Like a Texas ranchman who was hauling water for his stock a mile and a half, when asked why he did not put down a well to save work and time, said: "Because it is a mile closer to haul it." As I told the Amarillo man good-bye, he said, with a smile: "You surely are a wonder. I shall never forget your kindness." Remember who you are and why, study the simple life "And all these things will be added unto you."

August 3, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWELFTH SKETCH.

While visiting the Seven Falls in South Cheyenne Canyon, Colo., I chanced to meet a gentleman from Jacksonville, Fla., who knew many of my business friends in that territory. As we were walking through the Canyon, we heard something in the rear slipping, which sounded like a machine skidding in sand. As we turned around we saw three girls and three bicycles rolling and tumbling down an embankment. With our assistance, the girls were soon happily on their way. Upon reaching Manitou that evening, my folks and these three girls, still dressed in their wheel attire, were at dinner at the same table, saving a place for me. Naturally I recognized the girls and a conversation started. As usual, when among girls, boys or ponies, I pick one which, in my judgment, is a winner. In this instance, the honors went to Miss Stacy of Wichita, with her easy charming manner, style and beauty, won first place. "We find her mate."

August 10, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTEENTH SKETCH.

The following winter, as announced by the press, Miss Stacy of Wichita married a prominent railroad man of Kansas City, a personal friend of mine. Just how I described meeting his wife rolling and tumbling down the bank, or how they met, matters not.

\* \* \* Climb with me to the top of the Seven Falls, deposit your card in the famous card tree, then climb the path to the left until we reach a mound of loose rock, placed there by visitors in memory of Helen Hunt Jackson. This was her favorite spot, where she sat, thought and wrote. We are now on top of the canyon wall, shut in by mountains, except through an opening we see a beautiful valley beyond. As we look our thoughts go to loved one, to other scenes, and to those who have gone beyond. But we rejoice because of these words: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Now be glad you have chosen.

August 17, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FOURTEENTH SKETCH.

We are always glad to be chosen or remembered. But "watch your step"—it is more dangerous to go down than up. A slip might mean a break or separation. Our message to those below adds fascination to our task and protection to our step. We must go down to climb again and are now en route to Cripple Creek. As usual, we are on the rear platform, held spellbound by the changing scenery as our train rolls on, in and above the clouds among the rocks. We are practically unnoticed until we announce our sudden discovery as to what mountains we are in. As usual, all ask at once and when we tell the bunch we are in the Rockies, they hunch each other and we get some of those "you-think-you're-smart" looks. Yes, we started something and to even up we found a stool for a sweet-faced lady who gave us a rather wishful look.

August 24, 1917.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTEENTH SKETCH.

Soon after crossing the divide we travel for an hour or more in sight of Cripple Creek, until we get down on a level with the town. We are perfectly amazed to find a town of this size built right in the hills, where, in places to cross the street, it is necessary to climb about thirty steps over a retaining wall, as one side of the street is that much higher than the other. Yes, we are on a level with the town, but not with some of its people. At night the streets are crowded, but not a woman is seen, unless accompanied by an escort. Many gambling places admit visitors, where they can play roulette and other games. But to see real gambling, one must procure admittance to the galleries, where on the tables below, we see thousands of dollars, hundreds of men, each equipped with a gun, which means: be straight or at least don't get caught.

August 31, 17.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTEENTH SKETCH.

"I have a very dear friend, a niece of the ———, I want you to meet," said the hotel proprietress, a former Kansas Citian, and well-known society lady. Soon she presented the niece, a maiden lady, whom I recognized as the sweet-faced lady I assisted on the train that morning. Next morning I was again surprised, as the niece had also planned to return by stage. Soon the excitement was on, horses on the run and apparently would soon leap into space, but instead, they followed the road. At first we were more frightened by the danger than fascinated by the scenery, and not until we heard the driver humming "Some Day When Dreams Come True" did we really settle down and enjoy the trip. Later I was remembered with a marked copy of the Los Angeles Times, and was glad to note the popularity of the niece. Who was she? It matters not. Guard your step, till we meet again.

September 7, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTEENTH SKETCH.

Somewhere between Long Beach and Los Angeles our traction car stopped and we were delayed an hour. Two seats ahead of us were seated a gentleman and three ladies. The man, a New Yorker, was apparently talking loud to entertain all on board—and many were bored. Presently he espied some hogs. “Look at those hogs,” he said; “they are not the kind of hogs we have in New York.” “What kind of hogs have you in New York?” asked one of the ladies. “We have white hogs in New York.” “We are just wondering back here if any of the New York hogs ever got away.” Our butting in had the effect of touching a button. The crowd, including the three ladies, clapped their hands and cheered. Even at Los Angeles many showed appreciation, while the New Yorker disappeared alone. No doubt some of the New York hogs are white, but surely less effective in their rooting.

September 14, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTEENTH SKETCH.

Ten days later we were visiting with a gentleman on a train near Seattle, a New Yorker, who also give us a get-even feeling. Presently the opportunity came. "Unfortunately for New York," we said, "it is located almost too far from Kansas City to ever amount to much." "Where have I seen you before?" he asked. "Were you ever on a traction car when the power gave out?" "Yes," he said, "are you the fellow who took that shot at me about the hogs?" "Yes, we plead guilty." However, he had not seen us before. He only remembered us by the impression made by an off-hand remark, while we only remembered him by the effect of the impression. When impressions are made on the mind mere suggestions revive the memory and we remember folks, while those who touch the heart we may at times neglect, but never forget. We should not neglect the one whose sacrifices our hearts have won.

September 21, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINETEENTH SKETCH.

Here is another impression. We are now with folks from Ohio on a Canadian Pacific train, and decide to stop a day and night at Bamph. The next morning, a beautiful sunshiny day, we leave our wraps at the hotel and start up the zigzag path to climb Sulphur Mountain. Nearing the top we are suddenly drenched by a heavy rain storm. We turn back to find the path muddy, slippery and dangerous. The ladies skid, fall and roll. The two men have their hands full. To save time we cut across through the brush. The drizzling rain and wet foliage keep us soaked and water squashing between our toes at every step. We have a grand time, but to get the wet ladies through the barbed wire fence is some job. We reach the hotel, hungry, wet and dirty. Guests and others laugh and cheer, indicating they, too, dislike dirty folks, or stories. But, alas, the scenery changes; our trunks had gone on ahead.

September 28, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWENTIETH SKETCH.

We did not mind getting wet or dirty, or even being laughed at; in fact, we always had a desire to play the leading part in "Caught in the Rain," but to miss our dinner and retire alone for three hours pending the dry cleaning and laundering of our clothing, when we would rather be out with a jolly bunch sight-seeing, was anything but funny. We can think of nothing more lonely, except possibly waiting all day at a station; at least, we would rather be the leading man, get caught in the rain, wet, dirty and hungry; but, of course, we, like others, would choose the leading lady. But remember, people are never alone in loneliness, or in waiting. True, we may, at times, under certain conditions, forget that we have a means of communication prepared in advance. Then keep your friends with you in thought and spirit and you will be happy—even while waiting alone.

October 5, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWENTY-FIRST SKETCH.

When in Kansas City we are frequently called to a certain office building in which we are deeply concerned. Last week as we entered the building agent's office one of the ladies approached us, saying: "Why is it we cannot have some heat?" "The idea of asking for heat in summer time," we replied jokingly. "You never even acted chilly to us." "I will take it up with the minister," she said; "he is just a little nearer heaven than the rest of you." "No doubt that is true, but you asked me for heat. You must take that up at the other end of the line." She burst into laughter, saying: "I will take it up with the agent." Two places are indicated, one at each end of the line. Do nothing and we simply drift into one, but to reach the other we must turn to the right and go straight ahead. This surely gives us a steady job.

October 12, 1917.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWENTY-SECOND SKETCH.

During these busy days to reach a certain Kansas town early Saturday, we drive as far as Paola Friday evening. Although the road is strange to us and the night dark, the smooth running motor seems in perfect tune with our far-away thoughts. We follow the main traveled road, feeling assured it will reach the city. We are perfectly contented until we reach about the correct distance and no city lights in view. We are puzzled, but drive on until we reach a point where two main roads cross. We stop a moment. To drive ahead would be too far we think. To turn to the left might mean to come back. We finally turn to the right and find the city just a mile over the hill, which had obstructed our view for several miles. When mistakes are made, if we come back and turn to the right we will surely meet in the city where the lights are sinning for us beyond.

October 19, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWENTY-THIRD SKETCH.

As usual when returning from California, the first day we select those with whom we would visit the second day, while on the third day we say goodbye. On our return trip a year ago, we were visiting an elderly gentleman through the mountains, when suddenly bits of scenery or something reminded us of another day. Apparently we were a good listener, but our thoughts were beyond, as we were thinking of one who knows us best, but as he was telling of his many interests, including a sugar mill at Garden City, where he would stop next morning and take a later train to Colorado Springs. We were reminded "seventeen years ago," we said, "on this same trip we were visiting with a gentleman from Pasadena, who was interested in the First National Bank of Colorado Springs. You may know him." "Yes," he said, smiling, "that was Mr. ———. I was president of the bank and he was my cashier at that time."

October 26, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWENTY-FOURTH SKETCH.

Through suggestion of scenery, words or music our thoughts go to this or to that, to friend or foe, to loved ones or to the one most dear. Were it not so this would indeed be a lonely world. Was it mother with whom we were visiting for three days, then said our last and final goodbye? Was it of her or another we were thinking while traveling through the mountains? Matters not. "Behold thy mother," are words spoken under most trying circumstances by one who, on the third day, rose again. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it," are words of a mother who knew the very secret and purpose of her Son. Follow the advice of the mother and the teachings of the Son and the world is set in motion. So are we. When love prompts the sacrifice of self for others, it is perfect, beautiful and shall ever comfort, bless and cheer us until we meet again.

November 2, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWENTY-FIFTH SKETCH.

“When you don’t know what to do don’t do anything,” are words of Bishop McDowell, spoken at a time when we were undecided in reference to the improvement of the Grand Avenue M. E. Church property. “The time will come when you do know, then go do it,” he continued. We followed the advice of the bishop, seeking wisdom and leadership of the one we would always honor. Soon we had positive assurance, knew what to do and did it, which resulted in a twelve-story office building and church at Ninth and Grand Avenue. Although this was our first building experience, there was no time during the financing or construction that we did not know what to do. The success of the enterprise is assured, the purpose for which it was done has not been questioned. Follow the suggestions of the bishop, the leadership of the Master and when in the city meet me at the church.

November 9, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWENTY-SIXTH SKETCH.

On our first trip West we innocently called attention to an approaching storm, but instead of clouds it was only the mountains we saw in the distance. The fascinating scenery held our attention. Even while crossing the desert our thoughts go back to the hills through which we had passed, but as we cross another range we catch a new vision, a strange breeze inspiring a new hope, to see the ocean which is restlessly waiting for us beyond. War clouds and others may appear dark and threatening, our hopes almost shattered and gone, but when the light is on somewhere back of the clouds in the hills amid scenery set for the brave and the true, at an unexpected moment, we catch a new vision, a strange sensation, inspiring a new hope for a happy future which awaits us beyond. In the meantime, we are happy in our thoughts of those who are with us in heart and spirit.

November 16, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWENTY-SEVENTH SKETCH.

We are now in Frisco, and after sight-seeing, we call on the Missouri Pacific agent, whose kindness is not forgotten. Although we were strangers, he left nothing undone to give us a good time, even furnishing steamship transportation to Los Angeles and return, account of his road. At first we could not understand his interest or detect the source of his knowledge of us, but when he inquired about the commercial agent at Kansas City, we were reminded. "Mr. Agent," we said, "used to have a private secretary, a beautiful young lady, whose many kind words and smiles won the friendship of all who knew her. We often told her if the right man ever came along she would not last ten minutes." "That girl," he interrupted, with face reflecting his joy, "is my wife, but it only took a glance and we were as one." Somewhere back of the clouds, at an unexpected moment, they found their mate, God knows when, where and why.

November 23, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWENTY-EIGHTH SKETCH.

Still waters may run deep, but the ocean is not still. In fact, our trip from Los Angeles to Frisco was on a high sea. Our boat rocked and pitched, groaned and creaked, as she went down and up over the immense waves which swept her decks. But thank goodness we stop at Port Harford to load grain. While there, a great whale appears which at times would raise high above the surface, then go down, spouting water sixty feet up, repeating the stunt several times, until he disappeared into the still waters beneath. Did he see us and become frightened, or was he looking for another Jonah? Matters not. Life, like the ocean, may at times appear rough, yet beneath the surface are a host of friends, including our loved ones, who, in some fashion are mingling with the dearest Friend we have. One whose invisible presence is beautifying lives and cheering hearts of those at a distance.

November 30, 1917.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### TWENTY-NINTH SKETCH.

Our vision of the mountains and the fascinating waters of the ocean, like some people, are an inspiration, and we see beauty in the rough. Even the desert, which at first did not appeal to us, is now reminding us of a true friend. In a sense, each must be cultivated—one watered and the other loved—to get the good in store for us. In honor of friendship, we dedicate “Hidden Glory.”

“When studying God, man and nature, the what is and the what is not, the good and not the bad, it is then I see the glory—God’s glory—and as I study them, whose they are and why, then my heart is made glad and my soul to sing—the beauty seems within.

“Sing on, then, sing on! The love lights though were dim are now shinning gifts of Him. Sing on, sing on! My child, ’tis true, this hidden glory is for me and for you.”

December 7, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTIETH SKETCH.

Through kindness, sympathy and appreciation friendships are formed, but it takes a mightier force to withstand the refining tests of patience. All life, social, religious and business, like children, are subject to a smart age, during which period patience and kindness put a child in a position to see its own foolishness, and is the making of the child. The same is true of man. There is a constructive period when through patience of others he sees his own foolishness, after which he never tires of his praises of those whose kindness and sympathy ever remind him of One, who, in the quiet hours of a night, leads him by the still waters to show him a glimpse of the future, the reflections of which are revealing the heretofore unseen beauty of the past. In other words, the invisible is made visible by One whose enduring patience and love will keep our friendships pure and true.

December 14, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTY-FIRST SKETCH.

The wise men of the East had a desire to see Jesus and made many inquiries concerning the Babe (they were lead by a star).

\* \* \* Humanity, today, as then, would see Jesus and is making many inquiries concerning Him. Who will be the star to lead them? We leave that with you. \* \* \*

This is Christmas time and as you remember the children, loved ones and friends, and should happen to think of me, then we can review the story of the Twenty-fifth together. The Baby—the Boy—the Man. The Baby, the beginning of our devotion and worship; the Boy, at the front, about His Father's business; the Man, the leader of the world. A beautiful story leading us to God, and as we remember our gift of self to Him, we get a glimpse of His glory, and see Him as He really is. This is our Christmas story and my Christmas wish for you.

December 21, 1917.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTY-SECOND SKETCH.

“To become an expert at forgetting; just to forget all the unkind acts, the deep wrongs, the mean words, the bitter disappointments, just let them go; forget them—the memory will become quick and alert to remember the things worth remembering, the mind given to beautiful things, worth-while things, and to remember always that I am in the presence of God, this is my desire for the New Year.”

“God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what He wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him if we are not happy ourselves.”

Some may become expert at forgetting, but the closer one gets to God, the more one will see their own imperfections. We covet to be like Him, who has cleared the record and remembers it no more.

January 4, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTY-THIRD SKETCH.

By the finding of two pieces of ore, which when placed together formed a perfect unit, we named our story "The Broken Unit," and were also taught "where there is one there is always another." By mixing the correct proportion of certain feeds there was discovered a balanced ration, producing most satisfactory results. From this we conceived the idea that to mix the business, social and religious life in correct proportions would also produce satisfactory results, and our readers would have something entirely different. Therefore our sketches are but the experiences of man, tinged with humor, adventure and romance, set around a central figure, in a fashion to lead our thoughts heavenward. This practical view of life develops new thoughts, new experiences and is a most interesting study and as we study the beautiful side of life, we somehow at unexpected moments catch a new vision of beauty in what appeared rough. All honor to whatever the source of our inspiration.

January 11, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTY-FOURTH SKETCH.

At the hotel where we reside are a bunch of young folks, both married and single, so we do not lack for entertainment. Life is a study, off-hand remarks amusing. Be this as it may, the other evening as we were strolling toward a couple seated among the lobby shrubbery: "Won't you join us?" they asked. "Delighted," we said, "but we fear you will be disappointed." "Why?" they wanted to know. "Because of the legal phase." They did not get our meaning. However, as we were telling of our deep regrets in not being a preacher, they both caught at once, glanced at us, then looked at each other. What they saw, we know not, but a few evenings later one whispered to us: "That was quite apropos." The other told us: "I think you started something."

\* \* \* God's joinings are always harmonious. Friends thus favored are a joy, reflecting God's richness and their happiness to others.

January 18, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTY-FIFTH SKETCH.

In the hearts, lives and thoughts of others, man creates a place for himself. Some who are stingy, selfish or over critical, have a smaller place than those who are more considerate and generous, while others with their kindness and sympathy, their appreciation and child-like simplicity, are an inspiration and have a permanent place, not only in the heart and thought of man, but also in the social and business life. We covet to be like those who, with their finer qualities, continually beautify the lives and thoughts of others. Don't you?

Then remember, no one suit of clothes will fit both the fat and the lean—that we cannot successfully fill any other place than our own, and that the kind of a place we have depends on us, that you already have a place with us, and that we would never be satisfied if we could not retain at least a small, yet permanent, place with you.

January 25, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTY-SIXTH SKETCH.

“A faithful friend is a strong defense; who so findeth such one findeth a notable treasure.” We know of nothing more appreciative or sympathetic, unselfish or interesting, nor is there anything more rich and rare in its beauty, or more child-like and pure in its devotion, than a true friendship. It loves not for that which it may receive, but for that which it may give. It comes to man as a gift, it cheers by day and serves by night. It is rich in contentment, satisfying in effect, radiant and transparent in beauty. All of which are but the reflections of Him who prompted the gift, the One who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. When we so accept and guard true friendship, holding it as sacred, it will not only minister unto us, but will also grow in richness. Besides its beauty will attract a host of friends to a higher sense of knowledge of the one who doeth all things well.

February 1, 1918.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTY-SEVENTH SKETCH.

True friendship is a positive force, its quiet richness penetrates the soul, inspiring confidence and knowledge, and harmonizing thought and action in a manner to produce results beyond our expectations. Had we the gift of language and were we to devote all our time developing the invisible riches of friendship, we could not do so because the source from which it comes is unlimited in resources and its treasures of richness are beyond description. Such a friendship may be likened unto that of Jonathan and David and will remain true unto death. It has withstood the refining tests of patience and sacrifice through which its love was made pure and is perfect. If there is anything more honorable and rich in devotion or rare in its beauty for you and for me, than a true friendship, we know not what it is. May its virtues be our joy, its love our sacrifice and its power our force and its resources our success.

February 8. 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTY-EIGHTH SKETCH.

We have now had a glimpse of friendship and for a week we have endeavored in our thoughts to gather up its fragments of beauty. Only to find it so increased in richness and ourselves utterly incompetent for the task, we therefore leave that with you. We are more interested in retaining its virtues, in keeping it pure and ourselves worthy of its ministry. Truly, a faithful friend is a notable treasure and true friendship an inspiration. But to keep it pure, we must overcome selfishness, must use it for a high and noble purpose. Otherwise, it cannot exist or at least remain true. Selfishness retards its growth and chokes its virtues, the same as weeds a crop of grain. This means a continuous fight against the evil if we would reap a harvest of well matured grain or a harvest of faithful friends. Our thoughts of them and a friendship true, bring thoughts of Him who gave it to me and to you.

February 15, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### THIRTY-NINTH SKETCH.

Listen, someone is singing—the sound indicates the front vestibule of our coach. The clucking noise of our train and the voice of the singer seems in perfect tune with the responsive cords of our nature and we feel ourselves drawn by its harmony. But instead of the front, we find the singers in the rear vestibule.

This incident but faintly describes friendship. We feel ourselves drawn by its silent hoverings, but cannot always locate its source.

However, through another incident and the submission of a boy, we have learned how to maintain its beauties, increase its richness and guard its values. This boy gave Jesus his five loaves and two fishes. Jesus blessed and served while God gave the increase. Give your friendship to the Master, ask Him to bless and keep it pure and God will increase it to the joy of those longing for its ministry and you and I may gather fragments enough to beautify the world.

February 22, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FORTIETH SKETCH.

The boy referred to last week evidently found a faithful friend, one in whom he believed and could trust, so he gave all he had to Jesus. How long he had known Jesus matters not—it was love and faith which prompted the gift. Jesus, of course, knew its basis, so He guarded the trust by asking God to increase the gift. You know what happened. If we use the same principal now, we are sure the much longed-for friendship will increase beyond our hope of gathering its fragments. Nothing develops the best in man more than the faith and trust of his friends, and a faithful friend will guard and hold sacred the trust and may in turn give or offer to give his all to his friend. This is a friendship worth while. May God ever bless and increase its ministry of love and may its beauties always draw our thoughts to a faithful friend, and to Him who gave us friendship.

March 1, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FORTY-FIRST SKETCH.

Many are saying goodbye, are giving their loved ones and friends, while our boys are giving their all. There is something about the last goodbye to inspire faith, confidence of victory and a hope of meeting again. It establishes a friendship to draw us even closer and to do our best at home and at the front. Yes, we admit longing for our loved ones and friends but are soon cheered by the many kind words of the Master. By this and the presence of His Spirit we know He is with us. We accept Him as our Leader, have adopted His principles and are fighting for His cause. It is therefore up to God. Germany, listen, what are you fighting for? If for a selfish leader or for a selfish purpose then may God pity her people. God bless our gifts, may the increase satisfy the world, and may even Germany gather of the fragments.

March 8, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FORTY-SECOND SKETCH.

True friendship inspires faith and a hope of meeting again. It cheers at the front, at the desk and in the home, reminding us of a faithful friend, also our Leader. The kindness and sympathy of one is ministering through the spirit of the other. Though illness overtakes us and our hopes give way to memories and we feel ourselves slipping away we may still be happy in our thoughts of the One whose friendship is ever reminding us of the other. So it must be friendship which leads our boys to give their all and to make the supreme sacrifice for us and the Master. No doubt, as they slip, they hear words, "Well done," and go smiling as they enter into the joy of our Lord. Thus many will slip away, but the good in them and in us will increase to the overpowering of the bad, and may the devil who created ruthlessness be chained in—for ever.

March 15, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FORTY-THIRD SKETCH.

"If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," are words of Mary and Martha to Jesus, who said: "Thy brother shall rise again." Love, faith and hope were the basis of this beautiful friendship. Death was permitted that the glory of God might be revealed. You know the story and how He loves those who put their trust and faith in Him. It is His Spirit dominating our war leaders and our boys to give their all to the cause of liberty. But what about the other side? From whence comes this spirit of hate, selfishness and the unspeakable wrongs. Surely this must be the works of the devil—so it is the good against the bad. We, therefore, fight for that which we know to be for the cause of Him who was sent to be our leader. Thus friendship is re-established, love is made perfect, and God is being honored.

March 22, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FORTY-FOURTH SKETCH.

Jesus came to establish friendship between God and man, and to do so both the human and the divine touch were necessary. Thus we never think of a faithful friend that we do not think of Him, nor do we forget our experience with each. At first, we could not dispel or understand that invisible something which seemed to hold us by day and by night until we accepted it as a training for service. Thus friendship was established and through charity we love God for Himself and our friends for Him. Thus we have inherited friendship to be used to the honor and glory of both God and man. Though losses, separations and discouragements may come, we have a hope to cheer us and a Friend to lead us and though we may fall by the way we shall rise again. Thus we are cheered at home and at the front, even our sacrifices are a joy because they were made for both the human and the divine.

March 29, 1918.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FORTY-FIFTH SKETCH.

We are frequently asked: "Who does your writing? How do you find time to write? etc." Truly, we have been over busy for five weeks, due to illness and absence of our salesman, therefore, to write at all, we must do so of a morning before reaching our office, and even now, as we write that invisible something hovers about us in a manner to lead our thoughts to our friend, our Leader and our God, from whom comes the message. A friendship thus leading our thought heavenward is true, beautiful, and shall last as long as life is. Were our friends and readers all in one company, and were we permitted to address them, surely the Master would lead our thoughts heavenward. Yah, we would also include Germans who accept and fight for our unselfish leader, but should the bunch, German like spell yah backwards, then we would honor God smiling, while He, through friendship, leads us on to victory.

April 5, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FORTY-SIXTH SKETCH.

By our fruits we are known, and by our friendships we are judged, but not all fruit is good, nor is all friendship true, but each may be improved by cultivation. There are stages through which fruit must pass to perfect its usefulness. The same is true of friendship—so there is much depending on the friend, but who IS the friend? A friend is one to whom man reveals his inner self. We agree such revelations are often used for a selfish purpose, prove untrue and lead one from all that is good. However, we find another—a faithful friend—one who ponders the revelation of man, who holds sacred the trust, and through Christ-like sympathy and kindness is leading him into the very presence of God. Here are two almost irresistible friendships—one leading to the bad, the other to the good. One is soon forgotten, while the other shall live forever in the heart and thought of man.

April 12, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FORTY-SEVENTH SKETCH.

For three years, regardless of opposition, Jesus went about doing good. Grieved by the enemy, and pressed by the multitudes, so for a needed rest, he seeks seclusion. He had found a few faithful friends, and takes with him, Peter, James and John. And as they were climbing, he reveals himself to them. As they are nearing the summit, he is transfigured in their very presence, and they hear a voice out of the clouds, saying: "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." Then as they descend, Jesus requested them not to tell what they saw till after he had risen. Of course, they talked it over among themselves, and while at first they took a more selfish view, in this they were no different than we. But afterwards were prompted to accept it as a training for the Master's service. When we so accept our experiences, then we begin to realize what a faithful friend must have meant to Jesus—also to us.

April 26, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FORTY-EIGHTH SKETCH.

Those who are sincere and honest in purpose, positive and courageous in action, reach the highest degree of success, but they generally lose their earlier friends through jealousy. Jealousy breeds contempt, misinterpretations, unjust criticisms, brought about by selfishness, all of which must be overcome before success is attained, but they cannot do so alone, help must come from some source, and in absence of earlier friends they may draw strength and inspiration from the children, until such a time as God may provide friendship, the greatest gift to man. A faithful friend is only a mortal picture and state of being made and ordained of God, representing that high and close friendship and comradeship which exists between God and man. In friendship is all the love of one being for another, the faith and hope which inspires one to do and act to attain the highest pinnacle of success in order to merit such confidence, one in another.

May 3, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FORTY-NINTH SKETCH.

When the rich young Ruler asked what he should do to inherit Eternal Life, he was told to follow the Commandments; when he said: "All these things I have kept from my youth." Jesus said: "One thing thou lackest, go sell what thou hast, give to the poor, and come and follow me." This young man, as many of us, lacked courage of his convictions, was grieved and sorrowful; he lacked confidence and could not leave his all—so dear to him—even in trust. A call to service today, as then, brings many excuses; each meaning "me first." However, "me first" is the song of the Kaiser and out of harmony with the Commandments. The giving of all—in trust—means receiving in like manner, bringing to us health, wealth and friends, meaning, as the Master said, "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first," and that we may go about as one who serves like "our boys at the front."

May 10, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTIETH SKETCH.

Through the kindness of Captain W. R. Simmie, Medical Corps, we secured Captain A. W. Deacon, Medical Corps, for an address at the Grand Avenue Temple, Sunday morning, May 19. These Canadians enlisted in 1914 with the Fourth Canadian Mounted Rifles. Each leading his men through the trenches and "over the top," was many times wounded and under hospital care, each winning for himself the Military Cross and being decorated by His Majesty, King George V. It is indeed a pleasure to introduce these men who have also won for themselves our admiration, sympathy and friendship. It is remarkable after what they have endured for both to meet with us the same day. It is also interesting to know Captain Deacon prefers talking on the "bright side of the war." Their story, their earnestness and their "giving of all" somehow draws us to them, to our boys, loved ones and friends, whose friendship is leading us to the One with whom we leave our all in trust.

May 17, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTY-FIRST SKETCH.

Our pastor, the popular Grand Avenue Temple preacher, had a narrow escape. The church gave Dr. Gray six months' leave to serve with the boys "over there"; he was on the British Steamer Orissa when she was torpedoed, April 28, sinking twelve minutes later. Dr. Gray was on the last lifeboat to leave the ship; a tangled rope added suspense; moments seemed like hours, and they were only a short distance away when the steamer went down. Dr. Gray was with the chef, drinking a cup of coffee, when the boat was hit; he was fully dressed, therefore, saved his passports, money and trunk key. They were indeed fortunate to get away at all, and we rejoice with them. Success depends on knowing the ropes. However, entanglements must be avoided, otherwise one might be drawn to destruction by the material side of life. Knowing Dr. Gray so well, we are sure he had a trunk made to fit the key, instead——

May 24, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTY-SECOND SKETCH.

“We were torpedoed, but it takes more than a Hun to get a Methodist preacher. With love, Gray.” Hate is the opposite of love, belongs to the Hun and must be guarded or the Hun will get us with hate. During Passion Week, as now, love, sympathy and service meant much to Jesus. His human touch, divine and sympathetic nature attracted sinners, and they were drawn to Him, while their sympathy, love and kindness also touched the heart of the Master. He dearly loved the young man who kneeled at his feet; also the woman who annointed Him and wiped His feet with her hair. We, like the Master, naturally love those who, through kindness, sympathy and appreciation touch our hearts. Jesus called them his friends. So do we. They were His comfort and are our joy, bringing cheer to troubled hearts, and we rejoice with Him and with you for a friendship so dear to all.

May 31, 1918.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTY-THIRD SKETCH.

In the long ago, a couple were left standing alone; a deep sorrow was turned to joy, and the harmful gossip is now sleeping in the past. While those who were told to cast the first stone, were convicted of sin, disappeared, leaving them alone. We see them standing face to face, one expressing penitence, the other kindness and sympathy. We cannot see the tears or hear the sobs as he spoke to her the kindest words ever uttered—setting her free. This supreme moment was the turning point governing her future thoughts and deeds. The lavish use of the ointment indicates her sincere love for, and her devotion to, Him, who said: "Let her alone." Should this beautiful story take you back to another moment, governing your thoughts and acts, and should you be prompted to a greater sacrifice, a purer love, and a richer devotion, then you will be honoring Him; also the one you love, and your own story will grow richer as the years go by.

June 7, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTY-FOURTH SKETCH.

Last Saturday a preacher friend phoned us, saying a committee from Shawnee, Kansas, was looking for a man to address their Fifty-Fifth Sunday School Anniversary at Shawnee, next Sunday night, June 16. "I told them," he said, "to get you, that you could furnish pep and punch enough to carry the work on for another fifty years." The committee of course called and we accepted, with the understanding that on their One-hundred and Tenth Anniversary they were to look for someone else, that we had aviation inclinations and by that time would, no doubt, be afloat and would probably not want to come down. It is remarkable that two of the founders of this Sunday School are still there and in active service, and equally remarkable that we should be selected to make the address. We, indeed, feel highly honored, and shall think of you; have a good time, but what if the bunch should spell yah backwards?

June 14, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTY-FIFTH SKETCH.

The old Shawnee Church, the splendid music, and the fascinating people were our inspiration, and the clever introduction our amusement. There was something about it to remind us of a little barefoot boy sitting with his mother in an old church many years ago, where the Dunkards would meet each Sunday with a kiss—that is, the men kissed the men, and the women kissed the women. (No one asked why we were not a Dunkard. They seemed to understand better than we could tell.) A glimpse at this boy's life might indicate that possibly he did not get over it right, or that the secret of his success is not to let people know him too well. Be this as it may, our efforts to show the boy his important part of a great plan and our using his surplus energy in honor of Him who pronounced it all good seemed to capture the bunch and we were invited for a later date.

June 21, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTY-SIXTH SKETCH.

We can always talk better, think, work or write better when we know people like us, and we can always tell whether children like us by the way they grin. Thus by smiles and otherwise we were assured, which made it easy for our club to entertain the International Association of Rotary Clubs in Convention here this week. The serving of five thousand at a bean supper at one sitting with our Rotarians donned in white aprons, showed a spirit of service and that we were equal to the occasion and the smiles and kind words of our visitors convinced us that we served well. Among the many good things to come to us was a little booklet entitled, "A Thin Volume," by J. R. Perkins of Akron, Ohio, dedicated to "Men in Rotary and Out." This story prompts one to find himself, to serve without thought of profit, to remember and not forget. "He who profits most serves best."

June 28, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTY-SEVENTH SKETCH.

Dr. E. Leslie Pigeon's address drew many Rotarians to Grand Avenue Temple, which had previously set this date for their "Dollar Day." So to relieve embarrassment, to get dollars and welcome visitors we were introduced, saying: "We are indeed honored to have with us so many visiting and home Rotarians. The Rotary spirit always makes me feel at home in their presence. Our Church, as some of you know, dedicated its evening services to the Government, and its minister to France for six months, necessitating this offering. Sign the "Dollar" envelope and your name will appear on our "Dollar Roll." Remember you are always welcome to have a part with us. We, of course, do not ask visiting Rotarians to join us in this. However, we have not the heart to refuse, especially those we love so well." The good cheer and offering which followed indicated: "It does not matter where one may build his altar—just so the offering ascends to God."

July 5, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTY-EIGHTH SKETCH.

Who opened the door for love to enter, a heart to bless and a soul to cheer? Who set in motion, hidden resources so rich and rare and true? Was it one with eyes of brown, or was it one with eyes of blue? Each seemed to smile at me and both smiled at you. Who turned the key for one to enter and barred the door to the other? Who touched the heart, harmonizing thoughts and deeds to the comfort and joy of those in need? Was that somebody you? Who turned the shaft and set in motion the wheels, to rotate the spirit the world around? God did it. Then get in line—ethics have changed the business in keeping with the times; catch the spirit of Rotary—pass it on, serving with a smile, without thought of profit, and you will have touched the heart of hearts. But don't forget the courteous smile, which opens the door for love Divine.

July 12, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### FIFTY-NINTH SKETCH.

Rotary—A positive magnetic force, consisting of many wheels, each an individual power plant, with cogs to mesh those of another. The wheels are carefully selected, one from each vocation, representing the material and the Divine. After a thorough inspection, a rigid test, the wheels are placed, with cogs in mesh, so when one turns the other must go. Thus they all work together, gathering power as they go, to send the message to those of his own line. Who set the wheels in motion, to mix and blend the forces? Who touched the heart, to improve the service and message, and set in motion the spirit the world around? What makes it positive, kind and true, yet dynamic in nature, producing a “win-the-war” spirit, and over-the-top pep, and, best of all, that “Yankee Doodle stuff” our boys like so well—a “blow-hell-out-of-the-Kaiser” punch? God did it!

July 19, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTIETH SKETCH.

The human touch inspired by the Divine has set the wheels in motion, humming as they go, producing a spirited pep and a forceful, yet quieting goodbye-Kaiser punch. We just received a letter from a mother in Waterloo, Iowa, addressed to our church; she had a letter from our minister, who is serving in France, and in absence of his address she writes to congratulate the church and to thank the minister for stopping long enough in his work to write, advising her that her boy is all right, well and eagerly looking forward to doing his part in the great conflict. "You have no idea," she writes, "what a comfort that letter is to a lonely mother, whose only boy has been gone for over a year. Can you imagine what a help it has been?" Though the Hun is on the run, remember and don't forget the sweet little courtesies which open the door for Love to enter.

July 26, 1918.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTY-FIRST SKETCH.

The Pride of America—a joy to the world—its force is quieting the Hun, giving the Kaiser a strange sensation and for once in his life is probably causing him to think along different lines. Several years ago we took much delight in joking and teasing young men, among whom was one German born. This German lad did not know how to take a joke, would become angry and invariably tell us to “come to ——.” This phrase created much amusement. However, in those days we did not think he meant Germany, nor did we take him literally, but finally had him thinking along different lines. In the meantime, our well-balanced, quick-thinking, impulsive boys seem to act without reflection or thought of self. We, too, must pay the price, so the peoples of the earth may find peace and think along different lines to the honor and glory of Him who is leading us on to victory.

August 2, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTY-SECOND SKETCH.

Those who are honest in purpose, sincere and in earnest always appeal to us, and we somehow feel ourselves drawn to them. In the long ago, a young man of this type got permission to persecute those he thought were enemies of his rulers, his church and his God. In this he was sincere and ready to sacrifice, if necessary, his life. However, when God called, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me," his eyes were opened, and he saw the selfishness of his rulers. So from that time on he fought the evil within his own people. Should the German people come to themselves and see the wickedness and deception of their rulers and suddenly turn face about, as did Paul, we are sure the Kaiser and his clique would not last as long as a snowball in ——. Meantime our thoughts, our sympathies and our prayers go to the boys, and to those whose sacrifices will bring peace to all peoples.

August 9, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTY-THIRD SKETCH.

Smile and others smile; cheer and you are cheered. Just this week, while drinking at a fountain opposite an open office door, we were attracted by a sudden stillness, the typewriter stopped as though in the middle of a sentence; the operator, a young lady whose rigid profile pose was seriously staring into space unconscious of her surroundings. We, also others, were sympathetically held by the scene; her far-away look expressing tension of the front line trenches; a minute or two seemed like ten. Presently the pose relaxed, her expression softened and with a smile she turned her head in our direction. Were your thoughts in France, we inquired. She smilingly nodded her answer, "Yes." We do not know the young lady, but we do know those whom God hath joined. He also provided means of communication and interchange of thought, regardless of distance. Then commit yourself, your sacrifice and your offering to Him who said: "Fear not, for I am with you always."

August 16, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTY-FOURTH SKETCH.

We were at the station. A handsome, commanding young man was leaving for Camp Pike. After telling us goodbye, he turned to his brave little wife and his weeping mother, soon to tear himself away, while he was waving his final goodbye we felt ourselves drawn to them by a sympathetic silence, while their hearts were drawn after him who was slipping away. The wife was tenderly assisted by her father, the mother by a brother, turned away empty. Surely none can appreciate, nor can they know just how much a friend or a loved one means to them, unless they, too, experience the effect of a separation. Yes, "Where there's one, there's always another," even the "Return from Calvary." Those who turned away empty, were tenderly assisted, while those who could, looked back, to see the storm clouds parting, the light of a new world dawning and a Star of Hope shining through the crest of the clouds for you and for me.

August 23, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTY-FIFTH SKETCH.

We never pass the station that we do not think of a friend, a meeting or a separation. The other day we saw an officer of high rank standing as at attention. Presently we saw several colored soldiers approaching from around a corner. They saw the officer, nudged each other, fell in line and marched to him, halting with a snappy salute. The officer returned the salute, then with a smile shook hands with the boys who were ready to fight for him. As we look back through the mist of time, by the parting of the storm clouds we see three crosses, indicating the long ago atrocities. Our sympathies go to the penitent one, who saluted and was accepted by our leader. This one represents the Allied Nations, while the one who denied his Lord represents those committing atrocities, the evil of which we must fight. We, like the colored soldiers, fight, sacrifice and die, if need be, for the One who has recognized us.

August 30, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTY-SIXTH SKETCH.

The other day we were asked why we did not write a story on aviation. We expressed a fear that our readers would be "in the air." "They are already in the air." True, it is our nature, our joy and our comfort to see the beauty in life, especially so, the last few years, since our more mature thoughts go to its source. In our boyhood days and until recent years we would often dream of being in a large crowd and with outstretched arms would rise and float up over trees and buildings, then make a dive to again soar away into space. The quiet, easy manner in which we maneuvered in the air and the many repetitions of this dream, even now, make it seem as real to us. A realization of this dream, together with a perfected "joy-plane," we would indeed be glad to take our friends for an airing. We wonder, would you be ready then to go?

September 6, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTY-SEVENTH SKETCH.

We, like some of our readers, find ourselves more interested in aviators than in aviation. Yes, we understand—demand for stories, also how some readers might be “in the air.” A “joy-plane” should be equipped with a gauge to glide at any desired height without attention, except to reach a higher or lower level. As we ascend and look down, we only see the big things in life—the little petty annoying things are invisible. The same is true of those who reach the higher level in their respective vocations—business, social or religious. In fact, the little annoying things must be overlooked in order to reach the higher level. Surely, no one can mean quite as much, nor is there one who soars quite as high in this life as the boy in the air service, or the boy at the front, who commits himself to God and gives his all for you and for me, as he goes “over the top.”

September 13, 1918

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTY-EIGHTH SKETCH.

For some time we were gliding along, following closely the surface of the earth. However, at that time we were not so much interested in panoramic visions, or latitudes, as we were in a "joy-plane," whose magnetic force seemed to grip the soul, suddenly to experience a touch of power to rise to higher levels. We are now on the ten thousand-foot level, our glasses focused on a lone plane, whose pilot we recognize as one of our own Sunday School boys, the type who always kept us "in the air," now an aviator spy, making many trips to Germany. Presently, as though coming out of the clouds, six enemy planes make a dive for him. We see smoke, hear shots and the plane flutter and drop several hundred feet, as though disabled. Thus the enemy is fooled and he rights the plane, gets away to write this story home to the one who had always seen the good in him—his mother.

September 20, 1918.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SIXTY-NINTH SKETCH.

A flying trip to Garnett. Yesterday morning we left home at 8:25, were met by an auto, lunched at Garnett, drove fifty miles, flagged a Katy Flier, and arrived home for dinner. Our thoughts were in harmony with a perfect day. We never made a quicker trip, or one more successful, all because we acted on the impulse of the moment. Were we always to act upon our good impulses, without reflection, using our emotions to add force to our deeds, the "joy-plane" would indeed be perfect, the results satisfactory, and this would be a busy world. When good impulses stir one to action without reflection, the action leads to victory for Him who gave the impulse, while those who reflect or hesitate must also assume responsibility, because their plots and plans are usually for a selfish purpose. It has been said: Doing nothing is a road to ruin. Then use your talents for Him who said, "Well done."

September 27, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTIETH SKETCH.

The other day we sitting alone with a most interesting Friend of yours—one who seemed to know all about you and me. Of course, we were interested to find one who knew you, and especially were we delighted to know his interest in us. We wonder who put him next? We now see this one sitting in His glory, in whose presence all nations must gather and be separated, the sheep on His right and the goats on His left. We hear His words to those on His right, "Inasmuch as ye did it \* \* \* ye did it unto me," and to those on His left, "Inasmuch as ye did it not \* \* \* ye did it not unto me." The side you and I will be on may be determined by our subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan. If we do our part, the boys will do theirs, and God will do the rest and our "joy-plane" will indeed be perfect.

October 4, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTY-FIRST SKETCH.

As time goes on we find ourselves becoming more and more interested. That Friend of yours seems to know all about our "cannot-help it" natures, sees our mistakes and in some miraculous fashion is lifting us to higher levels. Of course there may be some, who, like those we are fighting, are so self-centered and dominating that we have lost interest, except to keep them on the run. True, none of us are perfect, and we only grow as we see and acknowledge our mistakes, which, by the way, become more vivid as we get closer to that friend of yours, whose presence in a silent, yet forceful manner, speaks louder than words. Yes, we understand your interest, your love and your devotion to Him who is leading. But what about the enemy? Leave it to Foch. Back up our boys and Germany will get a grand and glorious licking. Our flag, our boys and our Friend will be honored, and our joy perfect.

October 11, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTY-SECOND SKETCH.

In the long ago that Friend, who knows so much about us, was talking to a group of folks, concerning himself and our future. Among other things, he said: "I am the door of the sheep \* \* \* he that entereth not by the door \* \* \* but climbeth up some other way \* \* \* is a thief and a robber." Sheep naturally follow a leader. Many are crying for peace, but their leader it seems, would climb up some other way. No doubt, many are deserving of peace, but by force are compelled to follow their leader, who would indeed be humiliated to acknowledge his wrong. However, peace can only come by the righting of a wrong, but what about those who refuse to right a wrong? Leave that to Foch! Give our boys a chance and the goats will get all they are deserving of. And we will get the joy, which can only come through that Friend of yours, in whom we are equally interested.

October 18, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTY-THIRD SKETCH.

Were our readers with us in person this beautiful, frosty, sunshiny morning, among other things, we would tell how we, too, became interested in your Friend, and how, through his influence, we are unconsciously reminded of many things concerning us; also how important an unconditional surrender is to a permanent peace, and why that Friend would never be satisfied, nor be helpful without the surrender, not only of self, but also of wealth accumulated by force ("one thing thou lackest, go sell what thou hast, give to the poor, and come and follow me"), and that with the surrender responsibility shifts to the Friend, in whose hands all nations are safe and in whose presence all peoples must appear, but until such time as those, who are now crying for peace, are ready to pay the price, we must sacrifice, fight, and die, if need be. Otherwise, we would not be true to you nor to your Friend, for whom we are fighting.

October 26, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTY-FOURTH SKETCH.

When the mind of man goes to himself, instead of to you and your Friend, and so continues, bitterness, war and punishment results, causing a lonely feeling, similar to a loneliness which possibly prompted your Friend to ask: "What was it that ye disputed by the way?" "But they held their peace, for by the way they had discussed among themselves who should be greatest." Now, all of you who have not this week discussed, argued or disputed by the way, have not become angered by unjust criticisms, or unfounded remarks, hold up your right hand. Guilty? We wonder has anyone been overlooked? Oh, yes, something, even during excitement, reminds us of dear ones and those we love most, the children, and as we gather them in our thoughts, we also see them gathered about your Friend, and we remember what he said about becoming as a little child, also: "He that is least among you all, the same shall be great."

November 1, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTY-FIFTH SKETCH.

It seems a long, long time since we first became interested in your Friend, in whose presence we are always happy. However, there was a time when we felt a lack of something—a hungry, dissatisfied feeling, when, through kindness, we were led into an experience which gave us a deeper and a richer interest. Altruism, if practiced, always leads one to you and your Friend, which means happiness. Now that the war is drawing to a close and we shall soon be gathering up the fragments, our thoughts and our sympathies go to those who suffered, or have lost a loved one or a friend. However, in the future, as we look back, we will remember those who have fought, suffered and died in connection with your Friend, who was once amongst us as one of the least, but is, indeed, the greatest, and shall always speak to us in a quiet, yet forceful fashion, to ever increase our interest in you.

November 8, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTY-SIXTH SKETCH.

Monday's explosion vibrated the globe and the world was set in motion. Troubles gave way to joy, tears to smiles, and hatred to handshaking, embracing and some kissing. So we younger fellows hardly felt safe. You should have been with us (?). Everybody seemed to love everybody else, and we joined in the chorus. The explosive—"pent-up-joy"—was an accumulation of years, touched off by the defeat of one who only thought himself to be the greatest and most powerful man in all the world. However, it is not what a man thinks, but what actually is, that counts. Ask the Kaiser if this is not true. Truly, on this international holiday we shall always remember the Kaiser, and while Kaiserism is being trampled under foot, our boys and your Friend will be honored forever and ever. In the meantime, we should seek and obey God's will, and, if we submit our wills to His, our joy will, indeed, be perfect.

November 15, 1918.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTY-SEVENTH SKETCH.

We sincerely trust you will not be disappointed. We are not going to Europe until later. We have faith in those in control to not only see that Germany gets a square deal, but also to give her that of which she is justly deserving. Just the other day we were approached by a gentleman, who said: "I was in your office the other day, but I did not find you in." "No," we replied, "and had we been in you would not have found us out." The man looked puzzled, as probably you are at this announcement. Yet, how true it is, man is only known as he is willing to reveal himself. Such revelations either impel or repel. As previously stated, Germany has revealed herself, and we are perfectly willing to leave her to the powers that be, providing those powers seek the leadership of your Friend, to whom we always give thanks for your kindness, your sympathetic interest and our victory.

November 22, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTY-EIGHTH SKETCH.

“A penny for your thoughts,” remarked a ’teen aged boy to a girl. “They are not worth a penny,” she said. “I was thinking about you.” Since then, we have become more interested in diverting the thought of man to something of vastly greater value than an unworthy self. Otherwise we would be untrue to our convictions, unfair to you and others, also unjust to your Friend. If, however, when we do go to Europe, we should happen to find you on the same boat, sitting alone in an obscure place, listening to the nice ugly things we might say about you, and smiling and laughing at our jokes, our thoughts would surely be worth more than money, our trip enriched by your presence and our joy perfect because of you and your Friend, whose presence is a defeat for the selfish rulers, many of whom are already in hiding. However, we take another chance. “A penny for your thoughts.”

November 29, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### SEVENTY-NINTH SKETCH.

The other day two ladies called at our office and after a brief visit we were told: "What you need is a 'French baby'." Of course, we always agree with the ladies, and soon were under contract to support a fatherless child in France. Although we may have had fourteen reasons for wanting to go to Europe, we surely have good reasons for staying at home and a lot better reasons for liking the children. There is something about their pure love and devotion to always bring us just a little closer to you and your Friend, whose presence cannot be barred at the Peace Table. Also those who fought and died for Him will be gathered there to speak in a silent, yet forceful, fashion louder than words. This silent power, together with that of the Allied Christian Nations, should force and maintain the peace of the world, and you and your Friend and our heroic dead honored forever.

December 6, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTIETH SKETCH.

It is just as natural for us to like some people more than others as it is to breathe, and equally natural to always want to do that which appeals to us most. So we cannot help our likes and dislikes any more than we can help liking you and the children. If, however, man should always follow his own inclinations the children would be the first to sense his selfishness, which, if continued, would land him just beyond or this side of the ex-Kaiser.

Whether such a punishment for one would be a joy to others matters not. The real test of man comes at a time when he must endure unjust criticism, suffer persecution and sacrifice self for the sake of others and the church. Only those who have withstood the test or experienced the affect can fully appreciate how much your kindness and that of your Friend has meant to us.

December 13, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTY-FIRST SKETCH.

This, our story day, and it seems everybody we ever knew or would like to know are hovering in our thoughts; the smiling children and those we love most are indeed cheering, yet we note sorrow, tears and sadness. We do not understand this hovering, nor can we explain the mysteries of love, devotion or a deep sorrow, neither can we express the richness which comes by accepting and using our gifts or experiences in honor of Him who gives. Surely somewhere back of the clouds are gathered with your Friend a mighty host who have labored, fought and died for Him whose invisible presence means happiness. To visualize the story, "the Baby, the Boy, the Man," then in some fashion reach out, as it were, and touch the hem of His garment. We somehow feel sorrows turn to joy, tears to smiles and sadness to gladness, meaning victory for you and for me and a richer Christmas wish to all.

December 20, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTY-SECOND SKETCH.

Kismet—"Sometimes we meet those whom we might have loved, had fate but sooner placed them in our way. We pass each other with a nod and smile, perhaps a hand clasp or a greeting gay, and life whirls on; it will not rest a day, and we forget.

Years pass, years full of pleasure, love and friends; we think life has been kind to us, and then some little word or deed, a smile, a glance, brings mem'ries of those loves that might have been, and life whirls on. It will not rest a day, though mem'ry yearns."

Some may forget, others never, the "three cheers." The look, the smile, a glance and a few kind words are but stepping stones leading to happiness, and a love which fadeth not. May the what-actually-is, instead of the "what-might-have-been," in some fashion bring a new joy is my New Year's wish, to you and yours.

December 27, 1918.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTY-THIRD SKETCH.

Goodbye 1918, you have been a good old year, full of life, love, pleasure and troubles, also some losses; with a tinge of sadness and gladness, the record is closed, accounts balanced, and we carry forward accumulated good to cheer us on the New Year, 1919; the troubles and losses are charged to profit and loss, and are fast fading in the distance. Among our liabilities we find a contract to support a fatherless child in France. We were just assigned Mlle. Reine Livet, born March 12th, 1908. Of course, we won't say why we anticipated a trip to Europe later, but that you may be more interested in the child, and that she may appear closer to us, we call her "Hayzel." Among our assets we find a host of friends, and enough money to start the New Year with a boom. However, the most valued of all our assets is a true friendship and a Friend to lead us on to greater victory.

January 2, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTY-FOURTH SKETCH.

Memorial—The Great American—Honest in purpose, true to his God, his people and his convictions. He fell into a deep, sweet, peaceful sleep. No secrets he did not tell, nor were there ponderings of his heart God did not know. Yet like a babe in its mother's arms, he now sleeps as one without a care and his soul passed on without disturbing even his peaceful pose. A more beautiful, peaceful death we cannot conceive. Theodore Roosevelt's life, his altruism and his farewell words to the Frenchman: "I have no message to send to France. I have given her the best I have. If over there you speak of me, tell them simply that I have but one regret, that I was not able to give myself," are now speaking to us in a fashion to lead the world to higher ideals and a closer relationship with your Friend, the Leader, the salvation and the joy of the world.

January 10, 1919.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTY-FIFTH SKETCH.

The sketch of Theodore Roosevelt in *The Star*, January 8th, suggests our "Going down that long, long trail with you." The picture portrays the "Rough Rider" on a white horse, waving his final goodbye and the long, long trail winding amidst scenery and clouds.

Although he was kept out of the war, yet by the artist's touch we catch inspiring visions of Theodore Roosevelt ascending on a white horse to lead the long, long trail of our heroic dead, whose influence will direct the peace of the world.

All admire a great fighter. But to become great, one must overcome his own selfish desires, must always direct his fight, against the evil and for the good of his people, regardless of political or personal interests. This subject should attract the artists of the world. May God inspire their touch and perfect a painting through which that great American may speak to us through all eternity.

January 17, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTY-SIXTH SKETCH.

Who are the Stars? Nature has provided some to do big things, others to be great actors. We see them at the desk, on the bench, and at the front; also on the stage, in the movies and in the pulpit. Occasionally we see one who has acquired the art of applying the human touch in a manner as though led by the Divine. This added force prompts him to do and to dare. But "where there is one, there is always another," whose human touch and inspiration is quietly leading him on to victory. This quiet one we seldom see or know. Who are they? They are the Stars. Then it is the human touch, inspired by the Divine, which moves the active star to serve with a passion which moves the world to do honor and glory to the greatest Star of all. For this purpose and for the purpose of bringing peace and liberty to others all nations should be united.

January 24, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTY-SEVENTH SKETCH.

Visions of man, like a League of Nations, are often beyond his power to explain or execute, because of his natural tendencies to do things in a hard way, while God's way is always simple, positive and effective; indeed, so simple that even a child may understand it. Surely no combination of nations were ever more powerful than the Allies, who formed an alliance to fight for God and man. This ever increasing power was due to the high purpose for which it fought, for this same purpose the Alliance must now negotiate and maintain peace, assist in establishing governments for the weaker nations, and as fast as they make good also admit them to this Alliance, and so on until a League of Nations may be formed, which League must be equipped with sufficient military and naval strength that the entire world may feel its mighty protecting force. It seems to us, by a simple plan, nations may be won, God honored and his people protected.

January 31, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTY-EIGHTH SKETCH.

Man, in all lines, political or otherwise, should never build—even on a rock—without first testing its foundation. The foundation on which our Alliance was formed withstood the test and the “gates of hell” were smashed. Its visible and invisible strength increased, because of its Divine purpose, and its solid foundation. However, victory did not change human nature. The devil’s hope—selfishness of man—is continually decreasing man’s power. Therefore the combination of powers which won the war must now be organized into a permanent Alliance, Society, League—call it what you please, but give it power to be used for the same high purpose as were our sacrifices, and its power will increase or decrease and our heroic dead and our great Leader honored. May those at Versailles so guard man’s weakness that an effective organization may be perfected to insure protection to our people and our laws.

February 7, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### EIGHTY-NINTH SKETCH.

Something seems to be tugging, like children begging for a story, and we do not understand it. Of course, we never did get over being a boy, yet we do not understand why a boy always has at least one best girl. Neither can one explain why some men never get over it right. But of this we are sure, that we still like children better than all the politicians put together, that this spirit keeps us young, playfully and always ready for good time, and it is through pure-minded children we get a richer conception of God and His purpose, through these sources we may draw power and the necessary punch to always fight for the children and their code. By the way, it just occurs to us what prompts the boy to remember his best girl on February 14th, remember we are still a boy, the children our best girl and this your Valentine.

February 14, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINTIETH SKETCH.

Children like singing on the rear vestibule of a train, are still hovering in our thoughts. Even this week, while attending Centenary Conference, we were thinking of them and your Friend, who, too, is a lover of children. At this Conference after the Centenary Movement was explained and many questions asked, the speaker gave the minute men an opportunity to say why they liked Centenary. Several snappy reasons were given, whereupon we arose, saying: "Because it puts religion into the pew, and may put it into the preacher, too." Of course, the minute men laughed, but the laugh turned when we were made chairman of the minute men of five of the leading churches. We must now make short talks at many church services. But to put pep into the movement will require a mighty positive, magnetic force. This we can only get through the inspiring children and that of your Friend, who will lead, and put Centenary over the top.

February 21, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINTY-FIRST SKETCH.

It has been well said that "Electricity is the essence of pep." Pep, then, is the active force of man and is apparently more powerful than electricity. Belongs to God, and is directly or indirectly lighting the world and making her machinery hum, and will increase or decrease, depending on its use. Surely to use pep for a selfish purpose might be equivalent to touching a live wire and would soon put man out of business, unless, of course, it is used for God and man. Electricity, then, like the Spirit of God, is a mighty, positive, active, yet invisible force, through which God calls man to service, and he grows into power, which power will stir Unit Leaders, Minute Men, and individuals into action, the pep of which will move the world. However, even while "politicians" play "league," you and the children must be with us in heart and spirit and your Friend must lead to put "centenary" over.

February 28, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINTY-SECOND SKETCH.

Playing League, like playing solitaire, the player may arbitrarily stack the cards and win, is usually quiet, nothing to say, and nothing when the game is won, except possibly a personal satisfaction. Then cut solitaire, and instead substitute "Centenary," and you have the two great topics of the day, a "League of Nations," and the "Centenary Movement," each commanding thought, attention and discussion, each carrying a banner of peace to attract a needy world. One appears political, is speculative, untried and might lead to complications; the other has withstood the test of time, is positive and sure, leading to a permanent peace. Therefore is divine and is lead by the most powerful, yet kind and sympathetic, as well as the most practical "Minute Man" who ever walked the face of the globe, one who came that we might have life and have it more abundantly; later to say: "My peace I leave with you." "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

March 7, 1918.



## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINETY-THIRD SKETCH.

Man may be a natural genius, possess qualities to inspire and hold the confidence of his people, attract a large following, yet be selfish, but by manipulation may hide his purpose, gain his point and carry the issues of the day. But he would be out of harmony with God and the law, and an absolute failure. Harmony, the opposite of friction, is pleasing to the ear, touches the heart and stirs the very soul of man. It is a quiet, unifying force, adjusting one part to another, forming a connecting whole, and leads man's thoughts to its very source. By this, we may know whether the issues are for political or for general good. Its mighty influence should guide man in public or private life, and lead him and his following to success. And may also remind him of the children, loved ones and friends, as well as his first contact with this mighty penetrating force, which belongs to God.

March 14, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINETY-FOURTH SKETCH.

The defeat of one man, the devil's central power plant, did not defeat, but only scattered the evil. So the world today is full of "isms" and "ites" and her people are now crying for peace. But there can be no peace without harmony, which quieting force produces individual satisfaction. The seeking of individual satisfaction, however, will produce all manner and kinds of "ismites," evil doers, power seekers, creating a desire to rule, and will, if continued, land its leaders where it did the ex-Kaiser. Now that the devil lacks harmony and his forces are scattered into fictitious "ismites," it seems to us it is time to unite God's forces and strike the knockout blow. The "League First" may gratify, but not satisfy, but the "kingdom first," will lead to a permanent, lasting peace. So you and the Minute Men must work together, that the "Prince of Peace" may rule the world, and satisfy those who are longing for his ministry.

March 21, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINETY-FIFTH SKETCH.

A League of Nations, like a ship at sea, must have power within itself, or it will be swayed by the wind and torn to pieces by the storm. But to give it power without disturbing individual national independence, is baffling the greatest minds of the day. Power belongs to God. God and man each endows his representatives with power, also laws governing their acts. Our laws provide for war and peace treaties, but do not provide for a League of Nations, with necessary unlimited power to rule the world. Nor do we want another Kaiser, neither can we give man or his creation unlimited power without a repetition of Germany's mistake, and without violating a sacred God-given trust: In the meantime peace is delayed and Bolshevism is gaining ground, putting to death men of vision and ability. Playing league at the expense of others has almost ceased to be a virtue, "The Kingdom First," means peace first and an absolute defeat for Kaiserism.

March 28, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINETY-SIXTH SKETCH.

“The Kingdom First.” means success, victory and peace, and that we should guard and hold sacred that which we have won. Otherwise we might get the cart before the horse, and put the business, political or social life first, which means failure. It means man must always put his “best girl” second or last. It means the fight of his life, but to him who can conquer himself, and overcome his own selfish desires, “all these things shall be added.” And to each of those who are faithful and true, “The last shall be first and the first last.” Then, “seek ye first the Kingdom,” adopt “The Kingdom First,” slogan, also the principles of your Friend,” that you may be worthy of that which he gives, and you will never think of the gift that you do not think of the giver, and they will become as one in your thought. Three cheers: Man may become worthy and his “best girl” first.

April 4, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINETY-SEVENTH SKETCH

“Gee! Talk about ‘camouflage,’ you don’t look it. Birthday greetings.” This, with other greetings and the joy of being remembered, gave us a good start to celebrate the one day on which, from the very beginning, we were not blamed for anything we did, and of course should not be blamed now, especially for that which we cannot help. If woman is as old as she looks, and man only as old as he feels, we have a hope in this. “Man either is his best at forty, or just begins to improve at that age.” So from now on, we should show signs of improvement. Nature may “camouflage” the age, but man cannot hide his acts, nor can he “camouflage” the good spirit within. It is like a boy in love for the first time, simply shines through, regardless of his efforts to hide it. By this light, people find each other, also Him who instilled the flame. May it always shine for you.

April 11, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINETY-EIGHTH SKETCH.

Sunday morning, the 14th, we drove to Buckner, Mo., stopped at the garage and inquired for the Methodist Church. "Are you to preach there this morning?" we were asked. "No," we said. "Only to make a talk. Should we run out of gas can you send up a little?" "Yes," the man replied, "all you want." "Then you had better hear what we have to say." In our preliminary remarks at the church, we told of this incident, our preparedness, and that we had nothing to fear, even if their preacher was ill. After describing the Centenary Movement, we paused, with a blank look, as though mind ceased working. "Will someone bring the gas?" We finally said, smiling. The laughter, which followed, however, soon turned to serious thinking as the talk turned to preparedness, service and "The Kingdom First." At the conclusion came congratulations, invitations and the many good things to eat at the Harra Mansion on the hill. See what you missed.

April 18, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### NINETY-NINTH SKETCH.

Sunday morning, four years ago, we, too, were up early. We must leave at eight to catch our Eastern train at eleven, on which fortunately, we secured an upper. For three hours our thoughts went to those we had visited. We were leaving mother, we feared, for the last time, and a strange sadness came to us as we felt ourselves slipping away. We agree. "Those who have loved and lost never get beyond the cross," but those who have loved and won, like Mary Magdalene, must have a friend to lead them beyond, and that we felt a need. As we were transferred, all eyes turned to the lone upper berth passenger whose indifferent seat mates prompted an elderly couple across the aisle to kindly offer a seat. Yes, we felt a need at a moment, when, through kindness and a few kind words we were unconsciously led beyond, to find your Friend and Mary's had also arisen for us.

April 25, 1919.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

### ONE HUNDREDTH SKETCH.

May 25, 1917, we wrote the first sketch of a story, appropriately named "The Broken Unit." Our boys were leaving, units were being broken, people separated and sadness prevailed all over our land. For nearly two years, we have tried to "Keep the home fires burning," remembering those requesting a story, and especially those whose kindness leads beyond. And if we have been fortunate in leading even one beyond a cross of sadness, our efforts were surely not in vain. Now, as we conclude the one hundredth sketch, our own Kansas City boys are coming home, but not all. Scenes of welcome, and joy smiling through the tears are beyond description, and will never be forgotten. But those whose boys are not, those who have felt that they loved and lost, have surely loved and won. These are among our greatest heroes, and their supreme sacrifice will surely lead the world beyond the cross, and many will find that your Friend and mine has also risen for them.

May 2, 1919.



## THE WHISPERING ROMANCE OF THE HILLS

WHEN the mountains, like the power behind the Throne, get to tuggin' at yo', like children begging for a romp or a story, and if you feel lonely and really hungry for the mountain air, there is only one thing to do, and that is to go to the hills. This represents our recent experience while visiting the fertile valleys of Colorado, in view of the mountains, whose whisperings we could not resist.

We are now en route to Denver, and as we alight from our train at Colorado Springs for breakfast, the first thing we wanted to know and asked a boy standing by: "Who knocked the peak off the pike?" The once proud snow-capped peak, with its quiet, peaceful pose was entirely bare, looked rough, flat and broken, as though someone had sat down on it. Evidently it was too close to the sun. The snow melted, and we could see the peak as it really is, barren and fruitless. Remember, beauty is only skin deep, and that the surface may be camouflaged, but when the light or heat is turned on, the camouflage disappears and we see beneath the surface, which also may be barren and fruitless, unless, of course, the beauty is within.

We reach Denver, and after making sev-

## THE BROKEN UNIT

eral business calls and as we could not dispel that whispering, calling or tugging of the hills, we went to Boulder for the night, expecting to take a stage drive up the mountains, but where, we did not know. But of this we are sure, we had no thought of writing a story, nor did we have any in mind.

We are now on a stage, sitting by the chauffeur, winding up through Boulder Canyon, on the beautiful drive which follows the mountain stream to Nederland, a distance of eighteen miles. This drive, like life, is interesting, because one cannot see far ahead, and curiosity seems to lead and create a desire to see the beyond.

We have already passed 'The Alps, a log cottage hotel, consisting of several smaller cottages, built on the side of the hill amid beautiful trees, facing this drive and mountain stream, whose waters act as a lullaby to those who seek this secluded spot for a little quiet rest, and where we, too, engage quarters for a few days' stop on our return trip.

We have also passed the Eagle Rock, the old home of the eagle, and the Castle Rock, to the top of which a couple climbed and were married, without even asking our consent—when suddenly that invisible something which always hovers about us on our story

## THE BROKEN UNIT

day, reminded us that this was our story day and that "something" had followed us, even to the hills. The quiet, hesitating rock, like some people, was now speaking louder than words. The pines might have been whispering "Some Day"—for all we know, while the romping, playing waters, like children, seemed to strike the responsive chord of our nature, and we felt ourselves drawn by the harmony. Just around the bend yonder is the old Half-way House, the old home of the stage coach days, now closed to the public. It was here people would stop for refreshments, a meal or lodging. In other words, it was where people would meet face to face. No doubt friendships were formed there, attachments made—and there might have been a kiss stolen now and then behind the screen. Who knows or cares now what happened then? But what about the "Half-Way House" in your own life? Did you meet a friend there face to face, become attached, were your thoughts and deeds harmonized in a manner beyond your power to explain or understand? If so, you are better prepared for the rest of the trip, which is up steep grades, around sharper curves and appears even more dangerous.

Just beyond the Half-Way House, across

## THE BROKEN UNIT

the creek yonder, we admired a beautiful tree. Yes, there is always one best, one who gets just a little closer to man than all the rest, and that one he always thinks of as the best. However, as we reach the tree we find it had already been labeled, "The Perfect Tree." Evidently someone else admired the same tree. Of course, we do not think less of the tree, simply admire another's choice of the many trees we had seen.

Away up yonder, we see a great concrete wall, the dam, and far above that the drive over which we must pass. Later we see the lake, 165 feet deep, which was formed by this dam. This is the direct power plant, which is indirectly lighting and furnishing power for the valleys and cities below. Although this, a creation of man, it indicates that man's power and light must come from above.

We finally reach Nederland, just beyond the lake, to find the summit still far beyond, but the scenery less attractive. The roads appear rough, so we wait an hour before we start back.

While waiting at this old mining camp, nothing to do, our thoughts go back, especially to friendships formed in the hills, twelve or more years ago, and we might have also remembered friendships of a more re-

## THE BROKEN UNIT

cent date. It matters not, but we were especially interested in a happy family with whom we had visited long ago, and also on this trip. In fact, were just entertained in their beautiful home. The three children with whom we romped twelve years previous are now young people, the eldest, a handsome, commanding young man, had just returned from France, after two years' service. The other boy, too young for service, also had a promising future. The youngest, now a beautiful girl, almost sixteen, at first did not seem natural to us, and on mention of the fact, and on being told her age, we remarked: "This is our last chance," at which the difference was less noticeable, but just what happened—you must guess.

Yes, we also met the Swede foreman, whose words, "Where's there's one, there's always another," had much to do in our comparative illustrations, so noticeable through our story sketches. "Charley," we said, "do you remember the morning we found the ore on the dump?" "Yes," he said, "he been rich." And when we showed him the first sketch of this little volume and after he had read it, his voice choked, when he told of three of his children having passed on. Thus the hour was spent, reviewing life's stories.

## THE BROKEN UNIT

We are now on our return trip, alone with the chauffeur. And for a few minutes we stop at the high point, overlooking the lake. We at once realize the limit of man's genius and power. Then, as we look down ahead at the scenes through which we had passed, like a panoramic vision, it seems to us in a moment we had also visualized scenes of our own life through which we had passed. Yes, the mountain scenery looked rough and broken, but as we recall the romance of the Half-way House, the whispering pine and "The Perfect Tree," and that there is always one in each man's life who gets just a little closer to him, we begin to see beauty in that which appears rough. But who is the girl? The chauffeur, one of those quiet, reserved kind of men, did not say, he only told us, the girl climbed Castle Rock, was married, and, as far as we know, she has not been heard of since. However, this matters not, nor does it matter that the tree had already been labeled. Life's stories all date back to the one moment when through a glance or a look a lasting impression is made. But remember no life story is complete within itself, nor could it exist without another. Yes, "Where there is one, there is always another." We again recall "The Perfect Tree," and remember the perfect man,

## THE BROKEN UNIT

whose divine touch is similar to the human, but richer and more satisfying in effect, and that it is through the divine we get the human touch. Also remember your story and mine are still in the rough, as it were, or in the making. When it is finished, may it be as radiant and transparent in its beauty and satisfying in effect as His who gave it to you and to me. May also the "Whispering Romance of the Hills," and of the "Broken Unit" sketches speak in some fashion of the "One who doeth all things well," and concluded his life story, "It is finished."







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